

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 50—No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Oct. 26, at Three. SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Overture, "Wedding of Canacho" (Mendelssohn); Dance of Nymphs and Reapers, Banquet Dance and Overture, 4th Act "Tempest" (Sullivan); also "The May Queen" (Sterndale Bennett). Miss Abbie Whinnery, and Miss Hancock (first prize, National Music Meetings; her first appearance), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Full Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Transferable Reserved Stalls for the remaining Twenty-two Concerts, Two Guineas. Stalls for this concert, Half-a-Crown. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MISS JULIA WIGAN begs to announce that she has returned to Town for the Season. All communications relative to Oratorios, Concerts, or Pupils, to be addressed to the care of Madame Sainton Dolby, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER and **Mr. WILBYE COOPER** will sing NICOLAI's popular Duet, "ONE WORD," THIS DAY, at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington.

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MISS ELLEN HORNE, Mr. GUY, and Mr. WADMORE will sing RANDEGGER's celebrated Trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Barnstable, October 22nd; South Moulton, 23rd; Crediton, 24th; Hfracombe, 26th; Kingsbridge, 28th; Tavistock, 29th; Andover, 31st; Lyme Regis, November 1st; Bridport, 2nd; Leeds, 12th; Lancaster, 14th.

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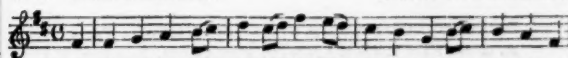
WORDS BY

(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

WM. HENDERSON.

EMILE BERGER.



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!
On every tree the birds sing,
From hill and dale glad echoes ring;
The lark, inspired, to Heaven ascends,
The gurgling brook in beauty wends
By mossy bank and grassy brae,
Where violets bloom and lambskins play.
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,
The woods burst forth in virgin green—
Bright home of birds and flow'ers gay,
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,
Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,
And silver birches' fragrant shades,
Where nightingales, at close of day,
In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!

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BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

FROM THE APPENDIX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAYER'S

LEBEN BEETHOVEN'S.

(Taken from the "Neue Freie Presse," with Remarks by Alfred Kalischer.)*

(Concluded from page 668.)

But this investigation of ours has a more important object in view than the mere fact of settling the date of a love-letter. It is meant to serve as a foundation for a highly necessary justification of Beethoven's character as a man at this period of his life.

The Editor of Beethoven's Letters to Gleichenstein, in Westermann's *Monatsheften* (1865), was informed by Gleichenstein's widow that the composer once offered his hand to her sister, Therese Malfatti. On this information, combined with certain allusions in the letters, the Editor founded a wondrous supposition; this, in the course of the many uses to which, for various reasons, he applied the correspondence, assumed in his mind the shape of an indisputable truth, and has repeatedly been given out as such by him in public. We do not fear that any author of repute has regarded it in the same light, nor, on the other hand, do we believe that any author of repute has thought the assertion worth contradicting. But it has now been too widely circulated for us possibly to pass it over in silence. Beethoven, the above-named Editor informs us, fell in love "with the nut-brown Therese," who, "despite the fact of her being at that time, 1807, only fourteen, was fully developed." "His attachment to her was as sudden as it was strong, but it was not reciprocated *either then or afterwards*." This affair "was evidently somewhat burdensome to the family, for the passionate fondness of a man half-deaf, more than six-and-thirty years of age, and very peculiar, could not fail to turn out eventually highly unsatisfactory."

"Why, very well, then; I hope *here* be truths," as the Fool says in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*.

Let the reader remember that this was the year of the Mass in C major, and the Symphony in C minor, and let him picture to himself the mighty master engaged in elaborating works which found a response in the fathomless depths of the human soul, and, on the other hand, "the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrows." Or, if he prefers it, let him contrast with the first picture, such a Corydon "half-deaf, more than six-and-thirty years of age, and very peculiar" wandering about where "the clear brook runs murmuring through the moss," playing, but in vain, upon his pipe, melancholy airs to this pitiless, early-developed and early-courted Phyllis of fourteen!

We will for a moment grant that this charming picture of Beethoven, in the year 1807, is the correct one; but by no possible outrage on reason and probability can the most unbridled imagination or the most illogical arguments affirm that the letter of the 6th—7th July, 1806, was addressed to this Therese, then thirteen.

We must here touch upon, and, if possible, refute another assumption or supposition, for otherwise it might, at some time or other, be taken as truth by some writer "of a freely intellectually active and even eminently artistic disposition;

"No stranger to the more profound springs peculiar to German views and culture, especially in an art like music; one who could rightly conceive German nature;

"Who could raise himself even to those regions, in which the spirit freely creates out of itself the Beautiful, presenting it to Man as his own ideal and being;

"Who does not forget that it is precisely the beautiful way the poet has of keeping near, in his inward soul, to Nature, and her impulses, as mysteriously mighty as they are involuntary, that renders him capable of presenting to us these impulses and powers in art.

"Who is no narrow-minded snob, ready, with the moral seriousness of historical research, to sit in judgment on the most delicate and most individual weaving of human nature;

"Who is perfectly free from the moral seriousness, which we

see in Jahn's *Mozart*, and from which the Muse of Art utterly conceals her beautiful face—that highly lauded moral seriousness, which regards man exclusively from the point of view of simple duty.

"Who, in his writings, never produces the effect of a pedantic examination in moral worth, and of a certain unpleasant sitting in judgment on morals, as is also the case in O. Jahn's *Mozart*.

"Who is likewise perfectly free from a certain traditionally circumscribed mode of looking at things, which is ashamed of what is most human in man, namely his natural weakness, and consequently, cannot comprehend how we come, in the case of a great, i. e., a genuine man, to uncover everything that there is accidental, erroneous and even unsuccessful about him.

"Who holds himself aloof from conventional pedantry, or even prudery, and will always have the most frank and open publicity.*"

A writer who is ready to propagate the moral principles here cited, would at last be capable of asserting that, even in the year 1806, Beethoven's letter was addressed to the Countess Guicciardi, then already Countess Gallenberg. It will, too, be scarcely possible to find a more natural solution of the difficulty, should it once be proved, or assumed to be true, that the composer belonged to that class of eminent musical geniuses, who "are no longer subject to the command of the Morals-Paragraph, when once adopted, and to the most ordinary duties of life," and with whom "such mere ethical narrow-mindedness could not be elevated into an actual law of life." Had Beethoven's character been of such a kind, what arguments should we then need to assume that he and the lady impatiently awaited, in the summer of 1806, the moment when they could steal away from husband and children, and thus attain their object of "living together," with hearts always close to each other.

But there is one objection, perhaps worth mentioning, which would have to be advanced here. Count Gallenberg and his wife had long been in Naples. No! There is not this stain upon the name of Beethoven!

Every one who has thought it worth while to follow this investigation so far, will now understand why it was requisite to spend so much time and labour in endeavouring to fix the dates of the letters of the 29th June, 1801, and of the 6th—7th July, 1806, beyond all possible dispute, and that, too, long after there had been in the writer's own mind not the shadow of a doubt upon the subject. When once these dates are absolutely established, the extensive and romantic structures raised upon the sandy soil of assumption must fall to pieces.

The result of our investigation appears to us as natural as it is satisfactory and incontrovertible. Young Beethoven, being of a highly susceptible and excitable temperament, and, at the same time endowed not only with extraordinary genius, but also, leaving out of consideration his physical misfortune, with other attractive qualities—the great pianist, the popular teacher, the composer so full of high promise, admired, and moreover well-received in the first circles of the capital—Beethoven, as Wegeler expresses it, "was never without being in love, and generally deeply affected by that passion." As years increase, however, the passions cool down, and it is a truth we may every day observe and experience, that finally a strong and permanent inclination may exert its sway over the most unsteady and fickle love-maker. The author feels convinced that this was the case with Beethoven, and the celebrated Love-Letter was assuredly addressed to the fair object of a reasonable and honourable inclination of this kind, exercising a complete mastery over the composer.

If this was the case, and if in 1806 he was thus deeply in love, it follows that the allusions in the Gleichenstein Correspondence, which were declared by the Editor to refer to "a perfectly developed (1807) girl of fourteen," referred to quite another person, and such the author feels convinced was the case.

It may appear unfriendly on the part of one author to destroy thus ruthlessly the suppositions of which another author has become so fond, and to trace back to their nothingness the

* If anyone is inclined to suppose that all this is only a character sketch springing from our fancy, we refer him to L. Nohl's criticism in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of the 15th and the 22nd December, 1871.

*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

latter's supposed discoveries. But Beethoven's honour possesses for the great musical public a higher value than the reputation for historical exactness enjoyed by any author who has taken the composer for his subject; and there is no doubt the said public will esteem this perhaps somewhat wearying article, written for the purpose of defending the composer's honour, as much as they would were its author "musical," or had chosen to employ his time and leisure on profound speculations containing nothing new, or on a remote antiquarian subject, similar to a certain Ambrosian song.

MEMOIR OF PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "New York Herald.")

Pauline Lucca was born at Vienna, on the 26th of April, 1845 (the year of the unveiling of the famous Beethoven statue, at Bonn). The habitual residence during the most productive years of their lives, of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Vienna has a fair right to be looked upon as the anointed Queen of musical cities. Nor among its least legitimate claims to distinction in the eyes of future art-historians is that of its having been the birthplace of one who, all comparisons weighed, may be justly styled the greatest dramatic singer of the actual time.

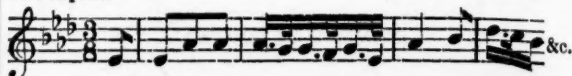
The blood that circulates in the veins of our interesting heroine is a mixture of German and Italian. On the paternal side she is Italian, on the maternal side she is German. Her father, Guiseppe Lucca, first cousin to the well-known Francisco Lucca, of Milan, was born at Trento, a frontier town which separates the Italian from the Austrian territory, and, like Milan, and the whole of Lombardy, once formed a part of the Austrian dominions. Her mother's maiden name was Viller Yxten. This lady (still living) is sister to Baron Viller Yxten, a highly distinguished officer of the Austrian army, who, in 1859, met with a soldier's death, while fighting for his country, at the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Magenta. Fräulein Viller Yxten—in accordance with the custom of her country—where, if the brother is noble, the sister is noble also, or, in plainer language, the sister of a baron is virtually a baroness—used to be styled Baroness Viller Yxten.

Thus it will be seen that Pauline Lucca, who has earned for herself a place in the aristocracy of genius, is equally entitled to a place in the aristocracy of birth. Of the former, she has good cause to be proud, seeing that it is the result of her own exertions; of the latter, she has no cause to be ashamed, seeing that she has given a lustre to that which the great Henry Brougham used to say, when he first sat in the House of Lords, was illustrious only "by courtesy." How, in after life, Pauline became noble on her own account, will be described further on.

When scarcely four years of age, Pauline Lucca was already the owner of a voice which attracted the attention of all musical hearers by its power and strikingly individual quality. It was the voice of a mere child, of course; but there was a something in it apart, which, at so tender an age, seemed alike precocious and phenomenal. Then, in addition to the voice, she, even thus early, displayed a vocal facility which could be nothing else than a natural gift. Whatever air, or piece of music, was sung, or played before her, she caught up with the utmost ease, and would sing the tune or execute the passages in a manner to astonish everyone.

On a particular occasion, a pianist of some notoriety happened to call at the house of the Lucas, and, finding no one at home, sat down to the "Streicher" piano—the most precious ornament of the drawing-room—and consoled himself by playing, over and over again, the beautiful air upon which Beethoven has constructed five exquisite variations, at the commencement of his famous sonata in A flat, Op. 26.* While he was thus engaged the mistress of the house came into the room, accompanied by two friends; but the pianist, lost either in admiration of the music, or in conceit with his own ability, did not observe them, and continued his performance. Suddenly, however, he was interrupted by the accents of a voice—a voice, though youthful, full and rich in tone—singing, precisely with the expression he

had given to it, that divine and familiar melody of the greatest of composers:—



Surprised, and no less enchanted, the *virtuoso* stopped playing. But how much more was he surprised and enchanted, when, seeing the tiny little songstress, who had mimicked him so well—"dulce subridens"—tripping into the room, unconscious of the sensation she had created, may readily be surmised. One of the friends who had accompanied the mother of Pauline to the house was Herr Biedermann, formerly director of the Viennese Conservatory. Hardly less astonished than the *virtuoso* himself, Herr Biedermann at once turned to the mother and said:—"Madam,—you have a future treasure in that child—a great singer and musician 'en herbe'—look after her carefully."

The history of Pauline's earlier days, however, in a brief record like this, can, at the best, be merely glanced at.

Years after the piquant incident referred to, her mother, who, with some intimate friends of the family, had observed in Pauline the nascent genius for a different art from that of music—viz:—the art of painting—and foresaw in the young genius rather a future Rosa Bonheur than a future Malibran, was strongly moved to let this inclination have its sway, and the more so because the excellent mother, after her narrow but conscientious way of thinking, had a rooted objection to "the stage." Nevertheless, while, in obedience to this new idea, Pauline took daily lessons in drawing, she was also allowed to go on with her vocal studies; and, although she made wonderful progress with her pencil, she made still more wonderful progress with her singing—till, in the end, her most sincere well wishers were forced to the conviction that her true vocation was music. Thus, as time advanced, Pauline was allowed to direct her chief attention to the study of singing. A natural tendency can never be wholly extirpated. So says, and sings, the great Augustan poet:—

"—natura expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret."

Her first instructions were obtained in the, at that time, celebrated "Ecole de Chant," directed by the well known and highly esteemed Professor—Joseph Ruprecht. She entered this school at the age of thirteen, and remained there for three years. Meanwhile, her worthy father, Guiseppe Lucca, once a wealthy and enterprising merchant, had, through certain bold speculations, which terminated in a manner wholly contrary to what he had imagined, been brought almost to the brink of ruin. At this unexpected juncture, as may well be credited, all further objection to Pauline's making the stage a profession was waived; and in place of it, the idea of utilising, as a means of family support, the precocious talents she had exhibited became paramount. At the age of fifteen she was placed with the celebrated Otto Uffmann, to acquire the art of declamation in particular, and the principles of dramatic art generally. With Uffmann Pauline remained from eight to twelve months; and, aided by the serious and unremitting application enforced upon her by her rigorously unflinching master, progressed with astonishing rapidity. At the termination of this period Uffmann said to her something equivalent to what the celebrated *maestro*, Porpora, said, a century and a half earlier, to his no less celebrated pupil Caffariello, after a certain period of similarly close and legitimate study:—"Now you may go;—you are an artist." About this time various German directors of Operas, informed about the extraordinary promise of the young and gifted Pauline, had employed agents to make inquiries about the truth of it, with a view, if report should prove trustworthy, to secure her services. The first result was her acceptance—at terms scarcely conceivable in these days, when prima donnas, in temporary vogue, can exact as much as £200 sterling in London, for a single performance—an engagement with Herr Haag, *impresario* of the theatre at Olmütz. Olmütz, the scene of so many great political events and political controversies in the history of German art, will be equally remembered, as the place where first the remarkable talent of one of Germany's greatest lyric comedians was publicly exhibited—where, it may be added, Pauline Lucca, now the reigning *prima donna* of the day, began her artistic career, by singing and acting, night after night, for the magnificent salary of sixty florins monthly!

* The sonata containing the magnificent "Funeral March," which, if his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, may be accepted as authority, Beethoven, piqued at the extravagant eulogisms pronounced by certain of his acquaintances upon a similar composition in Paer's opera, *Achille*, wrote—*currente calamo*—to show how easily he could surpass the other.

Here she played in tragedy, comedy, and even farce—creating the liveliest impression in all three; but her chief triumphs were achieved in operatic parts—such as Norma, Lucia di Lammermoor, Amina, Valentine, &c. At Olmutz she remained for four months—the fixed term of her engagement; and having received, during her sojourn, offers from other parts of Germany, on far more liberal terms, both from dramatic managers for the drama, and operatic managers for the opera, she ultimately accepted an engagement proposed by Herr Thomé, manager of the Deutsches-Landestheater, at Prague, as “*prima donna assoluta di cartello*,” with a salary of 500 florins per month—already a considerable advance upon the liberality of Herr Haag. On her departure from Olmutz, for Prague—such was her popularity with the inhabitants of that small but famous town—Pauline was honoured at the railway station with a musical serenade and torch procession.

At Prague, her successes were various and brilliant. She began there with Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. At her third representation, Meyerbeer, who had heard so much about the young dramatic singer, came expressly from Berlin to witness her performance. The illustrious composer was so pleased with his unknown Valentine that, after the duet of Act IV., he begged the manager to allow him to pay her his civilities; and was accordingly introduced by Herr Thomé. Once behind the curtain, seeing his Valentine still on the stage, Meyerbeer rushed up to her, and, to the astonishment of Pauline, who did not know him, kissed her vehemently on both cheeks. Profuse in thanks and compliments, he assured her that he had witnessed with rapture a portrayal, after his own heart, of the most cherished creation that ever came from his “*pauvre cerveau*.”

The day following, Meyerbeer called upon Pauline, and offered her an engagement for Berlin, at a salary of 1000 thalers per month—another step considerably in advance, the difference in value between Prussian thalers and Austrian florins taken into account. The liberal proposition was at once accepted; and, delighted with his newly-found treasure, the composer of the *Huguenots* again embraced our heroine, and returned in high spirits to the Prussian capital. After this interview with Meyerbeer, Pauline Lucca remained for a further period of eight months at Prague, playing all the characters in a repertory quite unprecedented for one so young, including, as it did, many of the most trying and difficult parts in ancient and modern opera.

While in Prague, Pauline, at a ball, contracted an acquaintance with Prince Francis Lobkowitz—nephew of the Prince Lobkowitz, made famous in name as a true friend and generous patron of Beethoven, and as dedicatee of so many of that great master's works. The Prince was already an ardent admirer of her genius as an artist; and this admiration speedily took another form. In short, without entering minutely into private details, it may be added that the sequel was a proposal to make our heroine a Princess, which—disregarding the example set by other great vocalists and actresses who might be cited—she respectfully and gracefully declined. Shortly after her departure for Berlin, the Prince Lobkowitz was killed in a duel, springing out of an affair of honour, upon which, having nothing whatever in connection with the subject of this memoir, it would be impertinent to dwell.

(To be continued.)

SALE OF MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS.

The stock of music, plates, and copyrights of Messrs. Lamborn Cock and Co., of New Bond Street, has within the last three days been disposed of, in consequence of a dissolution of partnership. The following were the more valuable lots:—

Blumenthal (J.)—“My Queen,” in D and E; Royalty 5d. per copy; 17 plates—158l. (Cramer.)

Songs by Miss Davis.—“All Things Bright and Beautiful,” (sacred song) and nine other pieces; 57 plates—91l. (Cramer.) “The Blessing of the Lord,” (sacred song), “The Death of the Old Year” (by Alfred Tennyson), and eight other pieces; 54 plates—140l. (Ditto.) “Evening Song of the Weary” (Mrs. Hemans), “The Goblet of Life” (Longfellow), and 28 other pieces; 164 plates—101l. (Ditto.) “O When wilt Thou Return?” (Mrs. Hemans), “The Old Clock on the Stairs” (Longfellow), “Tears, Idle Tears” (Alfred Tennyson), and 30 other pieces; 178 plates—178l. (Ditto.) “The Reaper and the Flowers,” “Resignation,” and “The Song of the Bell” (Longfellow), and eight other pieces; 51 plates—127l. 10s. (Ditto.)

Hatton (J. L.)—“The Voice of the Western Wind,” 5 plates—117l. 10s. (J. Williams.)

Chamber Trios, principally for female voices, with appropriate words by the most eminent English and foreign composers, in five volumes, numbering 770 plates—1,001l. (Cramer.)

Sir M. Costa.—“Naaman,” an oratorio; the words selected and written by W. Bartholomew; 1,357 plates—463l. 12s. 6d. (Cock.)

Pinsuti (Ciro).—Six two-part songs, “After the Rain,” “Out in the Sunshine,” &c.,—93l. (Cock.)

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Works.—Pianoforte Solos, and Duets.—Three Sketches; 12 plates—80l. (Cock). “Rondo Piacere,” Op. 25, 12 plates, and “Genevieve” (romance); 5 plates—115l. (J. Williams.) “Introduzione and Pastorale,” 17 plates; “Suite de Pièces,” 31 plates; and “Preludes and Lessons,” 54 plates—116l. (Cock). “The May Queen,” a pastoral, Op. 39, the words by Henry P. Chorley, consisting of an overture and ten vocal pieces, including the copyright of the libretto and right of performance, the whole numbering 750 plates—1,837l. 10s. (Cass.)

Cooper (George).—“Introduction to the Organ,” for the use of students, with preludes, fugues, and movements from various composers; 65 plates—167l. 10s. (Cramer.)

Henry Smart.—“King René's Daughter,” a cantata for female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment; the verse by Frederick Enoch, consisting of overture (pianoforte duet) and 12 vocal pieces; 101 plates—166l. 15s. (Hutchings.)

English Songs.—Pinsuti (Ciro).—“I heard a voice” (in B and D flat), Royalty 6d. per copy; 17 plates—131l. 15s. (Metzler). “The Maiden's Flower Song,” 8 plates, and “Old friends passed away,” 6 plates—132l. (J. Williams). “The Owl” (in G and A minor), Royalty 4d. per copy; and “The Swallow” (in C and B flat), Royalty 6d. per copy; and “What we have loved, we love for ever,” 40 plates—145l. 15s. (Metzler). Pinsuti (Ciro).—Six songs:—“Leave us not,” “Water Lilies,” “O! ye voices gone,” “England's Dead,” “The stream set free,” and “Good Night,” 43 plates—129l. (Williams). Smart (Henry).—“A glimpse of blue sky,” 8 plates; “Speed the Sail,” 8 plates; “The Lady's Tower,” 6 plates; and “The Two Tides,” 8 plates—132l. (Hutchings). Smith (Alice Mary).—“First Snowfall,” and “West wind, O west wind,” 14 plates—108l. (Cramer). Handel's Songs, arranged and transposed by William Hutchins Callcott, 3 vols., 464 plates—69l. 12s. (Cock.)

Sir Julius Benedict.—“The Legend of St. Cecilia,” a cantata, the words by Henry F. Chorley, 839 plates; the libretto and right of performance included—202l. 15s. (Hutchings.)

W. Hutchins Callcott's Arrangements.—“Sacred Half-hours with the Best Composers,” in seven numbers as pianoforte solos; the same as duets, and the flute, violin, and violoncello accompaniments; 340 plates—408l. (Hutchings). Handel's celebrated Choruses, arranged expressly for the piano, 597 plates; and “Half-hours with Meyerbeer,” solo, duet, and accompaniments, 48 plates—100l. (Brewer). Verdi's *Travatore*, in three books; solos, flute accompaniments, and Turret Scene; and Verdi's *Rigoletto*, in two books, solos, duets, and flute accompaniments; 148 plates—92l. (Hutchings). Bellini's *Sonnambula*, in three books, solos, duets, and flute accompaniments; 171 plates—150l. (Ditto). Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in two books, solos, duets, flute, violin, and violoncello accompaniments, 95 plates; Favourite Melodies composed by Mendelssohn, in two books, ditto, 105 plates; and Mozart's 12th Mass, in three books, “Quoniam,” “Kyrie,” and “Dona Nobis,” ditto 198 plates—127l. 10s. (Ditto). Handel's Songs, in the original keys arranged by Sir John Goss; 511 plates—90l. (Ditto).

Thomas (John).—Welsh melodies, with Welsh and English poetry. The Welsh poetry by Talhaiarn and Ceirwg Hughes; the English poetry by T. Oliphant. Arranged for one or four voices, with accompaniment for harp or pianoforte, 3 vols.; 699 plates—1,537l. 16s. (B. Williams.) Pinsuti (Ciro).—“The Sea hath its Pearls,” and separate parts, 11 plates—192l. 10s. (Hutchings.)

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Works.—Six songs, with English and German words, “Musing on the Ocean,” “May Dew,” “Forget me Not,” “To Chloe in Sickness,” “The Past,” and “Gentle Zephyr,” the same arranged for the pianoforte by the composer, 51 plates—255l. (Cock); and six ditto, “Indian Love,” “Winter's Gone,” “Dawn gentle Flower,” “Castle Gordon,” &c., 63 plates—104l. (Ditto). “The Woman of Samaria,” by Sir William Sterndale Bennett; a sacred cantata, 502 plates. An octavo edition is now engraving, and will occupy about 120 pages, in 60 large plates—590l. (Ditto.)

Italian and French Vocal Music.—Donizetti, “Lucia di Lammermoor,” 181 plates, and “La Donna Del Lago,” and the same with English words; 15 plates—112l. (Cramer.) Lillo (Giuseppe).—“La Desolazione,” and the same with English words; nine plates—126l. (Ditto.) Marras (Giacinto).—“S'io fossi un Angelo del Paradiso” (in F and A flat); the same with English words; ditto as pianoforte solos, by Andreoli and Sprenger, 42 plates—134l. (Ditto.) Meyerbeer.—Opera, *Ugolino*, in vocal score, and English version; 454 plates—185l. (Ashdown.) Pinsuti (Ciro).—“O dolce mio tesoro!” Arietta and “Sei Duetti per Camera,” 52 plates—100l. (Cramer). “Il Ciel Stellato,” duettino; 7 plates. Pinsuti (Ciro).—“Ireland,” and chorus parts; 23 plates; “I Quattro Poeti Italiani,” 35 plates, and two other pieces—160l. (Novello.)

Thomas (John).—“Llewellyn,” a dramatic cantata; English words by T. Oliphant; Welsh words by Talhaiarn; 280 plates—210l. (Cock.)

The whole realised 14,625l.

THE RISE OF THE DRAMA.

The inquiry, whether the drama and the stage will again resume the ascendancy over the human intellect they once enjoyed, must, it is to be feared, be answered in the negative. They have shared the fate of art, generally, and have fallen, never to rise again to the position they once held. More, indeed, than any other branch of art, has the drama fallen from its former aim and significance, and it lies now in a slough, out of which there are no means of lifting it. Its own intrinsic worth and dignity render more difficult its restoration to its pedestal. Any passer-by may raise the winged Cupid from the earth and place him again on the column or in the niche. Who, however, shall attempt to lift again the Apollo or the Hercules which lies prone in the mire? Art, generally, has ceased to have the meaning it had, when it attained its utmost development, or to serve the purpose it then served. Cold, impressionless, and unmeaning, it retains scarcely a trace of its former dignity, and is scarcely recognized by those to whom it is most dear. The reason seems to be that it is no longer in earnest. No one is readier than ourselves to maintain the intrinsic beauty, worth, and nobility of art, and its right to be independent of all that can trammel or impede it. But the fact remains, that when art has attained its highest development, it has always been as the development of religious feeling. In Greece, whence art sprang, and whence comes whatever we possess of most imperishable beauty, art was the absolute expression of the religious feeling of the people. "A sorry form of expression," will say the descendants of those who, in the name of religion, used the axe, the stake, the thumb-screw, the cart-tail, and the pillory; men who themselves look upon beauty with mistrust, if not with positive hatred. A noble service, notwithstanding, and one more akin to the highest forms of Christianity than most self-professed Christians can conceive. Everything about Greek art was religious. Into the life of eastern nations, religion enters much more largely than we can well conceive. Religion with us is a matter of tides and seasons. Certain days are set apart for it, and a short space of each day at the commencement or the close may or may not be added to these. With the Greek of old times, as with the Arab of to-day, religion was the breath of his nostrils, and scarcely an act of his life was performed into which it did not to a certain extent enter. Most of the literature and almost all the art of Greece is associated with the direct worship of the gods; epopee, ode, and chorus had all the same purpose—to celebrate the gods. Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, follow each other, and treat of the deeds of gods and heroes, of bucolic pursuits, of the games of the arena, or of the Nemesis that waits upon crime. Their work forms a portion of one great scheme of adoration. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, lend their aid, and swell the triumph. The noblest architectural remains are temples to the gods, the finest ancient statues are those of the gods themselves, or of the victims of their wrath, Niobe or Laocoon. The same thing was witnessed to a less extent in the renaissance in Italy and the rest of Europe. What results has the revivification of art left behind? Cathedrals for the worship of God sown broadcast over the land; so noble in conception and so fine in proportions, that modern generations can but admire and copy; or pictures intended for altar-pieces and other kindred service which have remained among the world's marvels. All the best art of re-awakened Italy is religious, and among the men whose lives were devoted to art or worship may be counted the names of Giotto, Cimabue, Bellini, Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Da Vinci, and Michael Angelo. Precisely as art lost this aspiration did it decline, until it fell into that deepest of all degradation it has known, during the period from the accession of the Grande Monarque of France to our own times. In Greece, however, the case is even stronger. A state of things was then reached which is now no longer possible. Patriotism and pride in their ancestors were to the Greeks linked closely with the discharge of religious duties. In periods not very remote from those in which lived the Athenian, say of the age of Pisistratus, the history of the country was wholly mythical. So close were, in that cloudy period, the relations between man and gods, it was difficult to define them. The most distinguished heroes of antiquity were the offspring of gods, and not unfrequently underwent a veritable apotheosis. From the loves of these heroes and demi-gods, and from those of the gods themselves, sprang the Athenians, and the worship of their deities was thus a celebration of the feats of their ancestors.

Of all religious service rendered by the arts, that paid by the drama was at once the most direct and the most significant. In the worship of a god, Dionysus or Bacchus, the first irregular forms of the drama took rise, and the most majestic celebrations given in succeeding years retained the character of a religious festival. In India, where alone, beside Greece, we have the spectacle of a national drama, the same features were discernable. Like the Greek drama, the Hindû drama took its root in, and formed part of, religious ceremonial. In Greece the rise of tragedy and comedy is due to the state-worship of Bacchus.

The building in which the representation of the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides took place were sacred to Bacchus, and was, in fact, a temple as well as a theatre. Apollo, Demeter, and Dionysus were the gods in whose connected worship the dramatic element of Greek worship originated. Aristotle tells us that tragedy sprang from the leader of the Dithyrambs, and comedy from the leaders of the Phallic songs. From the earliest periods of Greek history the people of a Doric city were wont to meet and thank the gods by hymns and choral dances. From the Doric state this custom spread over the whole of Hellas. To the rude forms the worship at first assumed art came and lent its aid. From these celebrations not only dramatic but lyric poetry took its rise. In the Bacchic hymn was the first form of choral poetry, the lyric was sung by a Comus, or crowd of revellers, under the influence of wine, dancing with cymbals and tambourines in wild dance around the temple or altar of their god. It is conjectured that the Corymbi, or leader of the chorus, assumed at times the character of Bacchus. If so, we have a direct impersonation through pantomime only. Arion, a famous kithara player, introduced great innovations. He raised the Dithyramb, or Bacchic song, to a literary position; he turned the Comus into a regularly-constituted chorus, and he invented what was called the tragic style. This word had not then the significance it has since attained. Tragos, in the Greek, means he-goat, and tragedy is nothing more than the song of the he-goat, which was sacrificed in honour of Bacchus. Next, after Arion, came Themis, to whom, generally, the origin of the drama as a distinctly organized form of entertainment is attributed. He was born at the beginning of the sixth century, before Christ, and it is to this date, accordingly, the commencement of the drama is assigned. Thespis first introduced an actor, it is said, for the purpose of resting the chorus; he invented pigments by which the face was disguised, and he first introduced the masks which played so important a part in the performances of Greece and Rome. These alterations, with some modifications of the chorus, appear to be the principal innovations he attempted. He certainly made the rhapsode, or wandering minstrel, appear as an actor, and sustain different parts, and in this he took a sufficiently important step towards establishing the drama as it has since existed. To Phrynichus, a dramatist preceding Æschylus, is assigned the first introduction of female characters in the drama. Suidas speaks of him bringing them upon the stage. This is inexact, however, as the female characters were then and subsequently borne by men or boys. The next important innovation was made by Æschylus, who first brought two people upon the stage at once. This appears the most important innovation of all, and justifies the application to Æschylus of the title he bore—the Father of Tragedy. Other alterations were made by him. He first introduced the aid of scenery. During the lifetime of Æschylus the drama underwent great modifications, and the early works of the dramatist are distinguishable from the latter in the much greater importance they assign to the chorus. Sophocles and Euripides made further innovations; comedy developed itself from the satiric drama. Menander and Philemon wrote the plays which formed the basis of more subsequent comedy. But the religious character remained in the service of the drama, and was maintained in spite of the license which distinguished later performances. Into the method of composition of the Greek tragedies we cannot now enter. It is but too clear that modern dramas, written as they are for gain, are not more likely to compete with works such as were given us by the founders of art than are our new buildings of stucco and veneer to rival the triumphs of architecture which, with sculpture and the drama, may almost be considered lost arts.

J. K.

DON GIOVANNI.

(To the Editor of the "Irish Times.")

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in your journal to protest against the treatment my carriage, &c., received at the hands of those enthusiasts who were determined on Saturday night in drawing Middlemas to Murska home to the Gresham Hotel. I have supplied the above lady since her arrival in Dublin (some three weeks) with an equipage in every way suited to such an *artiste*, but cannot conceive how so much wanton violence could have been perpetrated during the transit. Fancy a mob of well-dressed lunatics, consisting of over twenty, mounted on every available spot, including the roof of the carriage in question (a landaulet)—one worthy in particular excelling the rest in his antics by dancing part of a "fling;" but, thanks to the aid of one of the police present, he came down quicker than he intended. I certainly will apply, and expect recompense, through the proper quarter, the vehicle being rendered entirely useless till after a thorough repairing, which enclosed copy of my coachmaker's estimate (amounting to £15) will testify.—Hoping you will excuse, your obedient servant,

HENRY LALOUETTE.

67, and 68, Marlborough Street, and
11, Tyrone Place.

MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

If proof were wanted of the truth of the position that I urged in my last notice from here, it would have been found in the fact that two such masterpieces as Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* failed to attract so large an audience, by some 500 persons, as a programme of "shreds and patches," supplied by the names of a few operatic stars, had done but a week or two previous. The Town Hall was, however, fairly filled, and the performance (always allowing for the inevitable shortcomings of the band) on the whole satisfactory. The principal singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Although suffering from a cold, and somewhat overweighted in the "Inflammatus" of Rossini, Miss Wynne acquitted herself in a manner worthy her reputation; while Madame Patey especially distinguished herself in the "Fac ut portem" of the same composer. What should have been the "cheval de bataille" of Mr. Byron, the "Cujus Animam," was marred by an unfortunate attempt at display, more creditable to the ambition than the judgment of the singer. Mr. Thomas, who made his first appearance in public, since the railway collision, at the close of the Worcester Festival, in which he had so very narrow an escape, sang like the true artist that he is, deservedly winning the suffrages of his hearers. The chorus was marked by its usual vigour, the band by its usual coarseness, which was displayed to the decided disadvantage of the exquisite symphony preceding Mendelssohn's lovely work.

Early in November Messrs. Harrison's second concert will be given, the principal attractions being Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Charles Hallé and his band. The latter will play Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Zauberflöte*, and Mr. Hallé is set down for a pianoforte concerto.

HERR R. WAGNER IN ITALY.

The greatest activity prevails at our Teatro Comunale, for the season will shortly commence with Rossini's *Mosè*, to be followed by a novelty in the shape of Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The principal parts in the latter are confided to Signori Gajarre (tenor), and David (bass), both of French extraction, to a Spanish lady of the name of Ramirez, to Mdme. Friederike Grün, from Berlin, and, finally, to Aldighieri, the baritone, the only Italian in this international company. The costumes and scenery will be fashioned on the Vienna models; Lucca, the indefatigable music-publisher, is working away with Heaven knows how many horsepower to render the *mise-en-scène* brilliant, and that admirable personage, Mariani, acts as artistic director. As may easily be conceived, the members of our musical circles are discussing, in a very animated manner, the question whether *Tannhäuser* will be as successful as its predecessor, *Lohengrin*, in overcoming the opposition offered to every work of Wagner's. Without wishing to arrogate to ourselves any infallibility of judgment, we think we may, on the whole, predict a successful issue to *Tannhäuser*; though, on the other hand, we do not deny that it does not start under such decidedly favourable circumstances as its knightly precursor. Of *Lohengrin*, the great mass of our public did not, with the exception of the interludes, know a note; the consequence was the work exercised all the charm of novelty on the audience. The case is different with *Tannhäuser*, the most popular and singable pieces of which, such as the "Pilgrims' Chorus," the "Song of the Evening Star," and so on, have been repeatedly performed at public concerts, a fact not without importance. Furthermore, we cannot deny that, in *Tannhäuser*, at the very point where the musical drama reaches its culminating point, where the composer had the fullest scope for allowing the stream of his melody to flow freshly and freely, he remains cold and dry, speaking, of course, from a southerner's point of view. We allude to the Minstrels' War. Young knights seize the harp to sing of love; for such a moment, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, would have hoarded up the sweetest fruits of their fancy; they would have tried to surpass themselves in the most beautiful and most enchanting melodies. Our public know they have nothing of this kind to expect from Richard Wagner; but the dry and matter-of-fact

definition of love offered by Herr Walther von der Vogelweide and Co., will never satisfy the Italians. *Tannhäuser*, however, abounds in great beauties, and we may, therefore, expect that even a moment of dissatisfaction will not imperil the success of the work on the whole. Wagner ought, however, to consider it a special piece of good fortune that so genial a man as Mariani has undertaken to introduce the opera into the musical market of Italy. Not only does Mariani, as an artist of the most delicate feeling, possess a perfect mastery over his materials, but he understands better than any one else, supposing they prove rather hard of digestion for the public, how to present them in the most agreeable form. The second act of *Lohengrin* could tell us something on this head. Next winter, Wagner will himself conduct *Lohengrin* at the Milan Scala. If, as usual, he refuses to make any concessions to the tendencies of the national taste; if he makes no cuts; if he sticks to his *tempi* and, furthermore, if he induces the singers to adopt the style customary in Germany, the musical world might see the strange sight of the Music of the Future, under the direction of its founder, losing at Milan the ground it had gained under the guidance of an Italian at Bologna.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. Bologna, Sept., 1872.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

PROGRAMME-MUSIC.

In the course of its remarks upon a recent concert at the Crystal Palace, the *Sunday Times* observed:—

"The well-known *Power of Sound* must, no doubt, be chiefly credited with bringing so large an audience together. Like all other works of its class, Spohr's symphony has an unfailing attraction for the mass of amateurs who can best enjoy music in the concrete—that is to say, when ostensibly allied to physical or moral phenomena. As regards this matter, the public have not advanced beyond the youth of art. Like children, who best comprehend a book when 'illustrated by plates'—like weak women and silly young men, whose religion is fostered by banners, flowers, and processions, the mass of concert-goers need an adjunct to music—either the adjunct of words, or of mental pictures suggested by the composer's programme. Hence the popularity of works which aim to be more or less realistic and descriptive. That those works have a rightful place in art nobody will dispute any more than the beauty of their finest examples—the *Pastoral* and *The Power of Sound*—will be called in question; but, after all, the place they occupy is not the highest. The ultimate development of music is attained when it stands apart from all else—an abstract thing existing for and by itself alone. Similarly that is the highest taste which finds in music so developed its greatest delight. For the universal prevalence of such a taste it would be vain to hope; but, none the less should its lofty ideal be kept in view, and pressed towards, if haply we may attain to it. At this hour of the musical day a discussion of the merits shown in Spohr's symphony would be untimely, because needless. Its meaning does not lie deep, and its qualities, good and indifferent, are plainly on the surface for all to see. We take as granted, then, that the public know what is to know of the work; and are familiar with the dæmon which compels sound to describe the condition of nature prior to its own existence,—with the intense realism which makes the orchestra suggest the ornithological department of Noah's ark—and with the rare dignity and beauty of those movements wherein the life of humanity is illustrated. To the performance, under Mr. Manns, we cannot give more praise than was deserved."

Times for Music.

STRIKES.

("Fun.")

Strike the lute, sir; if you like—
Pr'ythee strike the lute,
Everybody's now on strike,
Why not follow suit?

Strike, by all means, the guitar,
Strike, besides, the zitter;
Strike them often, if you are
Such a frequent hitter.

But—you'll pardon the reminder
From a humble bard?—
Strike, oh, strike the organ-grinder,
Strike him very hard!

To A. S. Sullivan, Esq.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the FIFTEENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, commences on Monday Evening, November 11, and that the performances will take place as follows, viz.:—Monday, November 11; Monday, November 18; Monday, November 25; Monday, December 2; Monday, December 9; Monday, December 16, 1872; Monday, January 13; Monday, January 20; Monday, January 27; Monday, February 3; Monday, February 10; Monday, February 17; Monday, February 24; Monday, March 3; Monday, March 10; Monday, March 17, 1873. Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 25; February 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1 and 8, 1873.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription tickets, at £5 (transferable, entitling holders to special sofa stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts, viz.:—16 Monday Evenings, and 7 Saturday Afternoons. Subscription tickets are also issued for the 16 Evening Concerts, at £3 10s.; and for the 7 Morning Concerts, taking place on Saturdays, January 25, February 1, 8, 15, 22, March 1 and 8, at £1 10s.

FIVE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES

(Not included in the Subscription) will be given before Christmas,

On Saturdays, November 16, 23, 30, December 7 and 14.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD is engaged as pianist on Mondays, November 11 and 25, and on Saturday, November 23. Mr. CHARLES HALLE will appear on Mondays, November 18, December 2 and 16, and on Saturdays, November 16, 30, and December 14. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 11, 18, and 25; also on Saturdays, November 16, 23, and 30. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions. Herr L. RIES that of second violin. Herr STRAUSS, or Mr. ZERBINI, will play viola. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. ZERBINI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr. SING REEVE is engaged on Saturday Afternoons, December 1 and 14; and Mr. Santley will appear on Monday Evening, December 16. Madame SCHUMANN, Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Herr PAUER, Herr DANNREUTHER, MRS. DELABORDE, Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, M. SAINTON, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI. Haydn.
SONG, "Deh vieni non tardar"—Madame SINICO. Mozart.
SONATA in C minor, Op. 111, for pianoforte alone.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI. Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Quando a te lieta"—Madame SINICO, violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI. Gounod.
TRIO in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI. Beethoven.

CONDUCTOR SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 39, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook and Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Delavanti and Co., Brompton Road.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

FOURTH SATURDAY CONCERT—THIS DAY—OCTOBER 26th, 1872.

Programme.

1. OVERTURE, "The Wedding of Canacho" Mendelssohn.
2. SONG—MR. LEWIS THOMAS
3. SONG, "Chiamo il mio ben" (Orfeo)—Miss HANCOCK. Gluck.
4. SELECTION from the *Tempest* A. S. Sullivan.
 - a. "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers,"
 - b. "Banquet Dance,"
 - c. "Song, 'Where the Bee sucks'—Miss ABBIE WHINNERY."
 - d. "Overture to Fourth Act."
5. RECIT. and AIR, "Unis des la plus tendre Enfance," (Iphigene en Tauride)—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS. Gluck.
6. "THE MAY QUEEN"—Miss ABBIE WHINNERY, Miss HANCOCK, Mr. CUMMINGS, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS, and the CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR. Sterndale Bennett.

CONDUCTOR MR. MANN.

DEATH.

On the 9th inst., at his residence, Belgrave House, Preston, Sussex, CHARLES HAMILTON BROADWOOD, Esq., aged 48 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLANCHE R.—We cannot insert your letter in the present number, but will consider it next week.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

IF Any One announced to us that Jack or Harry, Ned, Tom or Bill, "sings a good song," our reply to Any One would be: "Very probably, for the stock of good songs is rather extensive, and the speculative spirit of enterprising publishers has placed the purchase of such compositions within the reach of persons even of limited incomes. Consequently, there can be no difficulty for Jack or Harry, Ned, Tom or Bill, to procure a good song, and—having completed this preliminary process—to sing it. We are perfectly willing to admit that one of the individuals represented by the above Christian names does sing a good song. The question is: How does he sing it?"

This suggests all sorts of reflections. Innumerable images of different persons and of different things start up in our mind. First and foremost is the image of a disciplinarian, a peculiar type of humanity, as intimately connected, we shall proceed to show, with our subject, or our mode of looking at it, as a diaper-napkin was proved to be closely related to King Pippin. Reader, did you ever know a disciplinarian? Of course you did. Perhaps your disciplinarian was in the army, and bore Her Majesty's commission as General, Colonel, or Major; a hero who was determined "By Jove, sir, to keep a tight hand over 'em, and show them what's what!" and whose ideas of military propriety were shocked because, owing to the exigencies of tune, he could not make the trombone-players in his band keep step, so to speak, with the slides on their instruments, as, when marching, they were obliged to do with their feet; or, perhaps, he was a Post-Captain in the Navy, and blessed with a temper which, as his officers declared, even when cruising off the coast of Africa, had far more than the climate to do with rendering the ship too hot to hold them. Our own disciplinarian was neither in the Army nor Navy, but an old lady, though that fact need not, *per se*, have prevented her holding high rank in some of the departments of the War Office, or figuring as a distinguished member of the Admiralty Board. Yes, she was an old lady, possessing no appointment except that of mother-in-law to a friend of ours, with whom she deigned to reside. She had kindly consented, also, unasked, to take the supreme direction of everything, and ruled the whole household, our friend and his wife included, with, as the saying goes, a rod of iron. One part of her system was excessively distasteful to ourselves personally. We belong to those who incline to the belief that

"The best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

In other words: We do not like going to bed too early, and

we are equally averse to getting up, or being disturbed, at at an hour which may be similarly characterised. But while sojourners under our friend's roof, we were, if we may be allowed an Irishism, roused every morning about the middle of the night, say: half past five or six a.m., by the violent, and vicious, ringing of a bell in painful proximity to our bed-room. It was the old lady—the disciplinarian—waking the servants. No matter whether the latter had been more than usually hard worked the day before or not; no matter whether the weather was wet or dry; the season, hot or cold; at a certain hour, the bell commenced its matutinal summons, and never ceased before, from the knocking of chairs and the shuffling of feet above the old lady's head, it was evidenced beyond a doubt that the desired effect had been achieved. As soon as her mind was easy on this head, and she felt satisfied that the first act of discipline for the day had been duly performed, she used to turn over on her side again—so her son-in-law informed us—and enjoy a refreshing nap, till, about ten or eleven o'clock, a tap at her door announced the arrival of breakfast, a meal she invariably took in bed.

However much disciplinarians may differ in other particulars, there is one characteristic common to the great majority of them. It is the old lady's principle of ringing others up, and then going to sleep again one's self; a principle quite as generally practised by disciplinarians in modern days as by those "ungracious pastors," who, as Ophelia says:—

"Show me the steep and thorny path to Heaven;
While, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede."

If ever the above principle was strongly exemplified, it is so in the case of Working Men and Working Men's Clubs. We do not, on the one hand, think as much of the Working Man, as the Working Man thinks of himself; but, on the other hand, we do not expect, like many who pat him patronizingly on the head, that he should be an angel in corduroys; were we to take off his cheap brown-holland, or fustian jacket—to unbutton his coarse, but honestly gained shirt—and to divest him of his modest, but inexpensive flannel jacket, we should not deem ourselves justified in considering he had swindled us, because we failed to discover a pair of wings growing out of his shoulder-blades, and kept, neatly folded, under the articles of clothing we have named, until they were required on his departure for a more elevated sphere. The Workman of modern philanthropists is called upon not only to possess all the virtues, but likewise to be free from all the little vices and social weaknesses distinguishing his superiors in rank. Like those socially above him, he may have his Club; but, on no account whatever, must he enjoy himself in his club as they do in theirs; the members of a West-End club may smoke if they choose, and, if so inclined, indulge in beverages containing a greater amount of alcohol than lurks in old souchong, or young hyson. Not so the Workman; in his club, the spirit of James I. would appear to reign supreme, for tobacco is, as a rule, strictly prohibited, while the fluids sold do not extend beyond tea and coffee, with, perhaps, chocolate or lemonade, when any members of a particularly reckless disposition feel inclined to indulge in an orgy.

The kind-hearted individuals who advocate and assist what now seems about to become the fashionable epidemic form of English philanthropy for a season, the establishment, namely, of Workmen's Clubs, should profit by the experience of those who have preceded them. Let them remember

that, to prove successful, a Workmen's Club must not be a sort of Sunday School, differing from other Sunday Schools only by the fact that it is designed for adults and is open all the week, but a place where the workman may, allowing for the difference in his means, enjoy himself as much as a member of the Conservative or the Windham.

Among those who think as we do is the Earl of Carnarvon. A short time since a new Workmen's Club was opened. We forget the precise locality, but that does not matter any more than it mattered where Archimedes obtained the point for his lever, so long as he did obtain it. The Earl was present at the opening, and delivered a speech in which he expressed a hope that both tobacco and something stronger than the liquor which cheers but not inebriates might be introduced into the Institution. We, too, hope that this will be the case, not only in the particular club to which we have alluded, but, also, in all clubs of a similar description. And we hope even something more. When cutty-pipes, short clays, broseleys, and briar-roots, are no longer tabooed; when the embargo has been taken off Cognac and Booth's Best Cordial; when, in fact, a Working Men's Club has ceased to resemble a Methodist chapel and begun to look like what it was intended to be, the members may, now-and-then, on festive occasions—at Christmas, for instance, or on the anniversary of the day when their Club was founded—hold an extraordinary social gathering; they may have a *soirée*—boiled mutton, trimmings, and so on. Then, perhaps, afterwards they may wish to hear something from one of themselves, who, like Jack or Harry, Ned, Tom or Bill, mentioned at the commencement of our article, "sings a good song." Would it do any harm if the vocalist could sing a "good song" well instead of badly? Would it do any harm if a number of the members could do the same? Or if, besides each being able to sing a separate song, they could all join in the glees and madrigals of our old English composers, or the part-songs of more modern writers, native or foreign? Would it do any harm if they were to imitate the example set by the workmen of Germany, by the artizans of Belgium and of France? In a word, would it do any harm to introduce, along with spirits and tobacco, as advocated by the Earl of Carnarvon, some knowledge of singing into Workmen's Clubs? And, if the scheme would do no harm, is it impossible? Is the idea utterly Utopian? For ourselves, we do not think so. We do not despair of seeing the day, when the British Workman, instead of howling discordant and stupid ditties in the tap-room of a public house, may sing a good song, and sing it well, at his own Club.

L. T.

BRESLAU.—The second opera in the new Stadttheater was Verdi's *Travatore*, with Herr Robinson as the Conte di Luna, and Mdlio. Gasten as Azucena. Both the lady and the gentleman afforded great satisfaction.

COBURG.—Some time since, Herr Sontheim was so highly pleased with the tenor voice of a young man, named Petschier, that he prevailed on some art-loving gentlemen in Vienna to pay, amongst them, for Herr Petschier's musical education by Sig. Marchesi, Herr Petschier himself not possessing the means to do so. Herr Sontheim's protégé has now been engaged at the Grand Ducal Theatre.

CHEMNITZ.—The following was the programme of a Sacred Concert given a short time ago: Prelude and Fugue, Bach; Final Chorus, from *Abraham*, Schneider; Romance for Trombone, Grützmacher; "Fest-Ouverture," Schneider; "Verleih uns Frieden," Mendelssohn; Duet from *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; "Pflögen," Ferdinand Hiller.—On the 9th inst., the members of the Singacademie gave a public performance. The pieces selected were: "Jubel-Ouverture," Weber; Hymn for Soprano Solo, and Chorus, Mejo; Ballad, Reinecke; "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. II.," Liszt; Bass-Air from *The Creation*, Haydn; Overture and Introduction to *Csaszar und Zimmermann*, Lortzing.

MUSICIANS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.*

1.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

SIR,—I have read with much interest the correspondence which has appeared in your journal respecting the grievances of English musicians, and which seems to come chiefly from those who perform in our orchestras. I have, however, looked in vain for the removal or relief of the evils which are real, or for a statement of facts to disprove the existence of those which, perhaps, are imaginary. The sad truth is that the rank and file of our orchestras are very inadequately paid—both Englishmen and foreigners. The scale of remuneration is, to some extent, dependent upon the question of supply and demand, doubtless, but whilst the members of other professions have adopted systems and regulations for their guidance and advantage, the musicians stand nearly alone in their neglect of those means which not unfrequently are made to direct the course of events, although they may not be able at once absolutely to change or completely control them. The legal or medical practitioner is obliged to obtain certain diplomas and pass examinations, which determine his abilities, and pronounce his qualification for the profession he chooses, and without these he cannot properly undertake its duties. Now, that which is required to be done in other professions might also be done by musicians, by the formation of a "guild," into which none but qualified performers should be admitted, the rules, however, being framed upon a strict cosmopolitan basis—that the best man may be able to obtain the best place, without regard to nationality. With such a "guild" in working order, I think the position of the orchestral performer would soon improve, because he would have the means of establishing for himself a definite status in the profession; and, although it must ever be futile for the employed to attempt to dictate to the employer, the members of the "guild" may at any time form an orchestra such as could be heard nowhere else; they may elect their own conductor, and by dividing the pecuniary responsibility, may surmount obstacles which would be entirely impossible by any other means. Moreover, they could strike a blow at the system of overgrown concerts so injurious to art, and one of the chief causes of the evils now deplored. Monstrous orchestras and monstrous choruses require monstrous halls and monstrous audiences. Consequently a large proportion of the performers are amateurs, frequently inefficient, and, of course, unpaid; the cost of the large halls is so great that the cheapest means of filling the orchestra must be resorted to; and, as the auditorium must be filled, the unpaid amateurs are furnished with admissions for friends as a kind of set-off for their services! I could ask "Cui bono?" In conclusion, let me advise the dissatisfied musicians to invite their confrères to a public meeting, elect a suitable chairman, and proceed at once to the business of improving their own position. Above all, let them be prepared with facts and proofs of statements made, and come to the meeting in a spirit of friendship and brotherhood, which alone can conduce to their own well-being, and to the advancement of the art they profess.—Yours, &c.,

A. G.

The Woodlands, Maida Vale, (W.), Sept. 11, 1872.

2.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

DEAR SIR,—I don't know how long you will allow the discussion on musicians and their grievances to be kept open, but, perhaps, you will kindly permit one who belongs neither to a foreign nor an English clique to make a few remarks which it would be desirable to treat in a friendlier spirit than an English Fiddler has done in your last number. I have not read the German Fiddler's note, but I regret to say that the English Fiddler's letter is written spitefully, and some of his statements are not true. One phrase is so ridiculous that refutation is scarcely necessary. He says, "To whom but to English musicians is the world indebted for the sublime works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and many more, all of whom were cruelly neglected by their own countrymen and their works condemned?" All these great men's fame, reputation, and even the poor means of supporting life is due to the English musician." It is deplorable that the English Fiddler has not a better knowledge of musical history. We all know how ready English generosity is to assist foreigners—no matter of what country; but to maintain that the celebrated composers would not be known but for English musicians, is more than any person who

* Last week, we said: "In our next we intend to produce the remaining letters of the controversy (already closed by the *Sunday Times*), and add to this gratuitous reprint a few observations, to which we beg, in advance, to solicit the attention of our punctiliously judicial contemporary." We now fulfil half our promise; as the correspondence extends to such a length, we reserve our observations on it for yet another week.—Ed. M. W.

likes justice can bear. Great men have never been fully understood by the majority of the public in their own country nor anywhere else. Take Beethoven for an example. He was abused by his own countrymen, by the English, French, and Italians—but it is only since the last twenty-five years that all his works have penetrated everywhere; and genius will penetrate everywhere in the end, and does not require the aid of any particular country. After all, what does it matter to what nationality an artist belongs? Music is a universal art, and has nothing to do with the petty jealousies of quarrelsome people. When engagements are made, let the best man be elected, even should he turn out to be a Chinese. It is quite erroneous to say that because a musician is an Englishman he cannot be appreciated. Sir S. Bennett, Macfarren, H. Smart, Arthur Sullivan, and many others are there to prove the contrary. If the system of the English Fiddler could be followed, then all English engineers who construct railways abroad, and all the many Englishmen who have earned reputation by their genius and industry might be expelled from their adopted countries. Perhaps E. F. is not aware of the great quantity of foreign musicians earning their bread in Paris, and he may feel assured, that if Germany and other countries would possess towns approaching at all in magnitude to London, they would contain the same proportion of persons getting a living away from home. In conclusion, I would advise E. F. to bear in mind that the musical profession has to suffer the consequences of competition the same as any other profession or trade, and if E. F. can find a manager patriotic enough to pay £1 rather to an Englishman than 15s. to a foreigner, he will approach the means of bettering his grievances. Let him also, not forget that English violin players of any respectable standing get their position by playing music the greatest part of which is composed by foreigners. I will only name Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Auber, Gounod and Verdi. Nothing is gained by sowing hatred among professional brethren. Have a little more generosity and harmony among yourselves, gentlemen, if you desire your condition to be improved.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, A NEUTRAL MUSICIAN.

3.

SIR,—Permit me to reply categorically to a "British Musician's" few remarks. He supposes that I am a professional musician; so do I. At least if twenty-five years hard study, unwearied perseverance, and untiring industry entitle me to the appellation, then I am. I also hold an orchestral engagement, and I should not like a foreigner to supplant me by playing for less terms. B. M. says such cases are not at all uncommon. How is it that he chooses to forget that Englishmen are also guilty of such acts of meanness? Let me tell B. M. that in the orchestra in which I have the honour to play neither foreigner nor Englishman would be allowed to supplant me or any other gentleman by playing for less terms, and yet the conductor is a foreigner. Wondrous strange, aye, B. M.! Again, I do possess true English ideas and sentiments, and he accuses me falsely when he says that I lean so much to the foreigner, for my unprejudiced mind can see at a glance that my first letter was thoroughly impartial, as I intended it to be, for I am as thoroughly English as my name is. I like the plain unvarnished truth. I hate irritating twaddle and *ex parte* statements, because they only engender ill-feeling. Why does not the B. M. suggest a remedy, as I did? But, perhaps, he is going to wait until the public take up the cudgels in his behalf. They will only do that when it becomes fashionable to do so. B. M.'s knowledge of the musical profession must be very, very limited. He will find my name in the "Musical Directory." The same name is not altogether unfamiliar to about 600 members, among them the very *élite* of the musical profession. I do not believe in sheltering what I write behind an anonyne. In conclusion, I do not intend replying to any more letters. My object was to close the breach by stopping the "irritating twaddle." With thanks for your courtesy, Mr. Editor, I am, yours truly,

JOHN BIGGS.

Sept. 12, 1872.

4.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

SIR,—There was a slight omission in the latter part of my letter last Sunday, which I venture to trouble you to correct in your next. It should have been:—"This state of things must be altered by some means. English musicians must live, must have justice and equal rights; but how can they obtain it? to what tribunal can they appeal? where, but the public opinion through the medium of your excellent journal?" With sincere thanks for your able and impartial advocacy, I am yours, very obediently,

AN ENGLISH FIDDLER.

[We cannot insert any more communications on this subject unless paid for as advertisements.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Choir* draws attention to the forthcoming sale of musical MSS. belonging to the late M. Thalberg, and urges the desirableness of purchasing them for the nation. It appears that the collection is indeed one of rare value, comprising the autograph of Beethoven's First Mass, *Moonlight Sonata*, Chorus of Dervishes (*Ruins of Athens*), the string trio in E flat, and an unpublished song. There are also included in it the MS. of a new ending for an air in Gluck's *Alceste*, a Cantata for solo, voice and orchestra, by Handel; a soprano song, with orchestral accompaniment, by Haydn; a song, with quartet accompaniment by Mozart; and an original quartet of Mendelssohn's, besides a host of relics of great musicians. With reference to this priceless collection our contemporary remarks:—

"That these MSS., the majority of which were inherited by the great pianist, and some few acquired by him personally, should be allowed to fall into the hands of any other country than our own would be a national disgrace. Even for the man 'who has no music in his soul' the names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn, must surely possess sufficient attraction to induce him to wish to make an effort to acquire such a collection, while, to the musician, professional or amateur, it would be priceless. Having now, for the first time, we believe, made the country aware of its character, we would only add that unless the authorities at the British Museum, or the Government itself, decide to make an offer for the collection it would, in our opinion, be well for our leading musicians to suggest to Mr. Gladstone the desirability of purchasing it. We are informed, on the best authority, that the MSS. will be sold as a whole, and that no consideration will induce their possessors to separate them. Under these circumstances no time should be lost; and if the Government cannot be induced to come forward, it is possible that Sir Richard Wallace, or some other Mæcenas of our day, might be induced to lend his aid. In any case, we believe our readers will be glad to possess the earliest information on the subject, and we must leave further action to them and to the profession generally."

The *Choir* is bold to suggest an appeal to Mr. Gladstone—in other words to the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. Will anybody follow the matter up by walking down to Whitehall and interviewing the Chancellor thereabout? If so, we should like to behold that somebody's exit from the presence. None the less, however, has the *Choir* done well to mention the matter, and who knows whether "some Mæcenas" will not secure the treasures for the country which, as we verily believe, would set the highest value upon them.

"Of all the eccentric individuals I ever encountered"—says Mr. Planché—"Sheridan Knowles was, I think, the greatest. Judge, gentle reader, if the following anecdotes may not justify my assertion:—Walking one day with a brother dramatist, Mr. Bayle Bernard, in Regent's Quadrant, Knowles was accosted by a gentleman in these terms—'You're a pretty fellow, Knowles! After fixing your own day and hour to dine with us, you never make your appearance, and from that time to this not a word have we heard from you.'—'I couldn't help it, upon my honour!' replied Knowles; 'and I've been so busy ever since I haven't had a moment to write or call. How are you all at home?'—'Oh, quite well, thank you; but, come now, will you name another day, and keep your word?'—'I will—sure I will.'—'Well, what day? Shall we say Thursday next?'—'Thursday? yes, by all means.'—'Thursday be it.'—'At six?'—'At six. I'll be there punctually. My love to 'em all.'—'Thank ye. Remember, now, six next Thursday.'—'All right! my dear fellow; I'll be with you.' The friend departed; and Knowles, relinking his arm with that of Bayle Bernard, said—'Who's that chap?' Not having the least idea of the name or the residence of the man he had promised to dine with on the following Thursday, or the interesting 'family at home,' to whom he had sent his love. Upon another occasion he had promised to send his wife £200 into the country through the post office. By and by Mrs. Knowles complained that the cash had not arrived. Thereupon Knowles wrote a sharp letter to the Postmaster General. By return of post he received a courteous letter, saying that it was perfectly correct that on such a day and such an hour he had posted a letter containing bank notes for £200, but that unfortunately he had omitted not only his signature *inside* but the address *outside*, having actually sealed up the notes in an envelope containing only the words, 'I send you the money,' and posted it without a direction."

ONE of the latest definitions of inconsistency was given by a Teutonic orator at a recent political meeting, who said, "It is wonderful, shentlemen, how elastic some men are in dere brains."

It is reported that the coming season of oratorio concerts will mainly be concerned with new or unfamiliar works, and not, as last season, with works of a decidedly opposite character. We congratulate the managers upon so soon espying the error of their way. Perseverance in last season's course meant ruin to all the fair prospects with which their enterprise started—meant, indeed, the loss of its sole *raison d'être*. We want no echo of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with its fixed resolve to present half-a-dozen oratorios according to the theory of permutations and combinations. We do want a society which shall occupy some of the wide region outlying the central territory of the "Harmonic," and consecrated to the task of utilising its resources. What will-o'-the-wisp led the Oratorio Concerts from the path in which they so well set out we know not, nor are we now careful to enquire. The mistake has been discovered; and, if rumour may be trusted, those who made it are bent upon also making ample amends. We welcome them to a *locus penitentiae*, and wish them speedy absolution.

MUSIC was not very well represented at the late Church Congress, neither Sir Henry Baker nor Mr. John Hullah, both of whom were announced to take part, being able to attend. The subject, however, did receive attention, which is more than can be said of it in connection with the meetings of the Congregational and Baptist Unions. Our "Dissenting brethren" were eloquent, as usual, in their attacks upon the Church; and in their advocacy of various forms of sectarian aggrandisement; but none of them said a word with reference to a most important, and, generally speaking, most neglected branch of public worship. He, however, who expected anything else could have known little of the dissenting clerical mind, which looks upon preaching as the Alpha and Omega of religion, and views with jealous distrust anything capable of rivalling the pulpit in attraction. Moreover, men are not commonly interested about that of which they are ignorant. When "sweetness and light" have penetrated the high places of Dissent we may look for some recognition of the aesthetics of religion. Till then chapel-going must necessarily involve the agonies of "congregational singing" with all its drawing and snuffling horrors.

THE *Journal of the Society of Arts* contains a long report, from its own commissioner, upon the musical instruments shown at the present year's International Exhibition. A more meagre document would be hard to imagine. It is, in fact, an expansion of the Catalogue, and confines itself almost entirely to the work of description. An excuse is made, however, after this wise:—"In concluding these notes, it should be stated that the collection of information has been a work of some difficulty. The insignificance of most of the instruments as musical instruments added to the difficulty. It was hard to draw the line in such a collection between instruments made for the promotion of art and those made for the promotion of commerce. As respects the French section, it is beyond comprehension why so musical a nation should be so ill-represented. Even the limited number of instruments from France proves that her best pianoforte makers do not, like ours, object to contributing to exhibitions. Surely makers of other instruments could have been induced to come to the fore. One lesson is undoubtedly to be learnt from the present collection. It is that there still remains the opportunity of presenting to the public as complete an exhibition of first-rate modern instruments as that of ancient musical instruments which were shown at the South Kensington Museum." The gist of all this, and much other verbiage, is, that the manufacturers of instruments have no great faith in exhibitions, and, possibly, very little in the grandees of the South Kensington bazaar. Hence, the show was a failure so great as to be almost ludicrous, considering the pretensions under which it was made.

BADEN.—Mme. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who, some years since, particularly distinguished herself with her late husband, in Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, at Munich, has settled here as a teacher of singing.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

YREWSLEY CONCERT.—The second of a series of concerts for augmenting the organ fund of St. Matthew's Church, took place on Tuesday, and was well patronized. The vocalists were Miss Bayley, Miss Smith, Mrs. Thompson, Master Jewson. The last sang admirably "The Song of the Butterfly," in which he was loudly applauded, and in a duet of Offenbach's, with Mr. Kingston, which was encored. Several popular glees and part-songs were sung by Messrs. E. Davies, Bloomfield, Major, &c., with solos on the pianoforte. The Rev. J. H. Thomas returned thanks.

MISS MARY FISHER'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—This young and rising pianist gave her first *Soirée Musicale* on Thursday evening, at the Camden Athenæum, before a large and appreciative audience. Miss Fisher played, to the satisfaction of all present, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, the same composer's duet for violin and pianoforte, Op. 30, Chopin's Impromptu, Weber's *La Guité*, three Musical Sketches by Schumann and Mendelssohn, the pianoforte part in a trio in G major of Haydn, and Mozart's Quartet in E flat, in all of which she proved herself a most able executant, possessing much taste and great spirit, and all the qualities required to make a first-rate performer. She was admirably supported by her father, the popular actor, who played the violin remarkably well, both in the Quartet and in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Op. 64. Miss Julian was the vocalist. She was supported by Miss V. Zerbin and Mr. Zerbin.

PROVINCIAL.

BETHESDA (NORTH WALES).—A correspondent informs us that—"One of the most popular concerts—and the most successful, both musically and financially, ever held in the above neighbourhood—came off at the Congregational Chapel, Bethesda. The spacious building, capable of accommodating about 2000 persons, was crowded to excess. As regards the performance, the Rev. Mr. Stephens's oratorio, *The Storm of Tiberias*, it may be safely averred that such grand, massive, and telling chorus singing was never before heard in this part of the Principality; but, with the exception of the young amateur who sustained the tenor numbers, we are forced to admit that the solo singing was not satisfactory. We understand that the large sum of £58 was realised on the occasion, but it is only proper to state that Lord Penrhyn, whose noble and distinguished patronage undoubtedly enhanced the popularity of the concert, purchased £10 worth of tickets. When this fact was announced to the vast audience, which necessarily chiefly consisted of his lordship's *employés*, the cheering that ensued was something never to be forgotten. We understand that the proceeds of the concert are to be devoted towards a British school in the neighbourhood, in which, and indeed in all institutions of a like nature, Lord Penrhyn takes a lively and active interest."

DEATH OF FRANCIS ROBINSON, ESQ., MUS. DOC.

The *Irish Times* says: "We have great regret to announce the unexpected death of one of the most genial, kindly-hearted men whom an age now passing away bequeathed to us. Francis Robinson, beloved of his associates, the friend to aspiring talent, the charming companion, and the *bonhomme*, whose characteristic good nature was bruited everywhere abroad, is no more. At the age of 73 years he was silently and suddenly cut off. Although for the past eight months suffering from heart disease, he continued to discharge his duties as one of the Vicars-Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and as a member of the choir of Trinity College Chapel. On Sunday he appeared in his customary place in those sacred edifices, and was in possession of his apparently general good health and spirits; but yesterday morning, on leaving his bath, symptoms set in which left no doubt that the dread termination had approached. The career of Dr. Robinson was as equable as his life was gentle, self-contained, and generous. He was an artist in the truest sense of the word. No envious feeling ever crept in to disturb that imperturbable good humour which was the very essence of his nature; and it will, at least, require the extinction of the present generation of Dublin musicians to blot out the remembrance of his great services in furtherance of his musical art, in this metropolis. He was the eldest of four sons of a most distinguished musical family, each of whom has contributed in a large degree to the promotion of the science of song in our community, but he was *facile princeps* among his fellows, and his brothers were always among the first to yield priority to him. An Irishman ardently devoted to his country, he was one of the best supporters of associations for the preservation of Celtic music; and the late Dr. Petrie, his intimate friend up to the last day of his honoured life, never ceased to extol the value of the assistance which he received at the hands of Dr. Robinson in his great endeavour to preserve those rich melodies of our land which he had collected in every hamlet and

mountain dale during his progress with the Ordnance Survey. Dr. Robinson's contributions to sacred music are very numerous and valuable, but his chief merit will, for the present, remain in the efforts he made to improve and maintain the improvement of choral music. He was old enough to have been a cherished friend of Sir John Stevenson and Thomas Moore, and a monument of his affection for the former is to be found in the stained glass memorial window in St. Patrick's Cathedral, which he took so large a part in having erected. One recalls now, also, with what pride the old man pointed out how, on the occasion of the Installation of the Prince of Wales, as Knight of St. Patrick, his conductor's baton fell upon the first beat to the gorgeous *Te Deum* of Sir John Stevenson, as his son-in-law, the late Marquis of Headfort, entered his stall. The genius of Dr. Robinson was rich and prolific. A ripe scholar, a courtly gentleman, and a profound musician, he has not left behind him one who will not mourn his loss. It is much to be regretted that the latter days of the old man's life should have been saddened by a cloud accumulated by the death of his only and favourite son in the war in Mexico."

A correspondent writes as follows on the same subject:—

"With much regret, we announce the death of this lamented Professor, on Monday last, at his residence in Dublin, at the ripe age of over threescore and ten, a more pure, honourable, or true-hearted gentleman, in every sense of the word, never existed, and one that ever upheld the dignity of the profession he belonged to. As a tenor singer of sacred music, he will long be held in remembrance by the inhabitants of Dublin, where his singing in Christ Church, Cathedral, St. Patrick's, and the College Chapel, used to attract crowds in years gone by—to hear 'Frank Robinson,' as he was familiarly called by the visitors, sing one of the solo anthems, by Handel, Haydn, Travers, Dr. Greene, or Sir John Stevenson, in his unsurpassed and pure style—was a treat of no ordinary character.—Dr. Robinson was also a clever composer of Church music; and, as a teacher of the vocal art, his numerous pupils throughout the United Kingdom will bear testimony to his abilities, and deeply regret his demise. He succeeded as Vicar-Choral, many years back, the late Dr. Spray, in Christ Church and St. Patrick's, and was also music master of the boys of the Cathedral, and Dublin felt proud of him for his talent—but irrespective of that, he will be long lamented, for he was kind and generous to the poor of the profession, who required his aid and advice. He will be missed by many in Dublin, where 'Frank Robinson's' name was a passport to everything generous and good. Peace to his manes."

MUSIC IN THE ARMY.

(From the "Irish Times," Oct. 19.)

A publication intended to encourage and facilitate the practice of part-singing among soldiers and volunteers, is about being issued by the well-known firm of Boosey and Co. It will set on foot a movement that has long been felt desirable. There is no reason that we know of to prevent practical music being more generally cultivated in our army than it is at present. Part-singing would afford the men a means of relaxation, most certainly preferable to some of the amusements which now occupy their leisure hours; and if the words and music be properly selected, the beneficial influence of the art would be as surely felt by the rank and file as it is in every social circle. Mr. Willert Beale, under his *non de plume*, "Walter Maynard," is the editor of Messrs. Boosey's new magazine, and in his preface to the first number, says with much truth that notwithstanding the great progress music has made recently it has hitherto been little heeded in a sphere where it is all powerful, and in which its invigorating tendency is frequently of vital importance. He sets forth the object of the magazine very impartially, and announces that the part-songs and choruses it will contain will be of progressive difficulty, and scored for wind instruments. Such a collection of military vocal music will undoubtedly be useful both in and out of the service. The movement suggested by Messrs. Boosey's new periodical will, perhaps, be more readily adopted by infantry than cavalry regiments, owing to the heavy duties of the latter. If it is to succeed, and we wish it every success, it must be fostered, not enforced, by military authorities.

NAPLES.—Signor Verdi has promised to come and superintend the production of his *Don Carlos* and *Aida*. Signor Fraschini is engaged for the two principal male characters.

CASSEL.—Herr F. Lux, from Mayence, lately gave an organ concert in the Court and Garrison Church. He played several pieces by himself, besides taking part with Herr Rundnagel, Court Organist, in Mozart's F minor Fantasia, originally written for piano. Madame Soltans was extremely successful in an air from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, as was Madame Hempel-Kristinus in Cherubini's "O, Salutaris." Lastly, Herr Wipplinger shared equally with Herr Lux the applause evoked by the performance of an Adagio for Organ and Violin by Viotti.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

The example set by the members of the "Sbor Dam," or Ladies' Chorus, at Pesth, appears to be catching, for it has been imitated, *à peu près*, by the members of the "Sbor Gentlemen" (we do not know the Czech for the last word), or Gentlemen's Chorus, here. A performance of *Lohengrin*, with Herr Niemann "starring" it as the swan-drawn hero, was given for the benefit of the Pension Fund, at the Imperial Operahouse. Herr Herbeck himself conducted. Who shall describe his astonishment when, at the moment they should have struck up, with the full force of their lungs, "Ein Wunder," the members of the chorus recited the words in such a way as to be scarcely audible. Herr Herbeck cast a sharp glance on the offenders, who retired from the front, but without abandoning the plan of singing so as not to be heard, a plan on which they had evidently agreed beforehand. In order to nullify as far as possible the defection of his subordinates, the conductor took up the strain himself, and sang it at the very top of his voice, as he conducted away as usual. Notwithstanding all his exertions, the chorus—received as a rule with immense applause—did not obtain a hand, as the reader may easily imagine. Directly the curtain fell, the conductor, who is at the same time manager, hurried behind the scenes and summoned the rebel vocalists into the green-room. He addressed the ringleaders, but his observations were duly met by counter-observations. He then returned to his place in the orchestra, and the opera proceeded. In the following acts the malcontents still sang in an undertone, though in not quite such an undertone as at first. Next day a written reprimand was distributed among the chorus, and each member received an intimation that he would be fined five per cent off his salary. The reason assigned was that the offenders had been guilty of a breach of contract, as well as of disrespect towards the public. The management are not entirely free from anxiety as to the future course of events. Should there be another strike on the stage, there will be a fresh fine imposed, and should that not be sufficient, a criminal information will be laid against the recalcitrants, on the ground that just as they are secured certain advantages by their engagements, so, also, they are bound, by the same engagements, to fulfil certain obligations. The conduct of the choristers is a symptom of the feeling of dissatisfaction which has reigned for a considerable period among all the persons engaged in the Imperial Operahouse, from the lowest to the highest. The reason of this is the want of consideration evinced by the Intendence General of the Imperial Theatres for the wishes of the various artists, by not adopting the statutes sent in by the latter for acceptance, for the regulation of the Pension Fund. The representatives of the different departments have addressed a memorial to the Intendence General, begging that the subject of the Pension Fund may at length be definitely settled.—The order in which the promised novelties at the above Institution were to have been brought out has undergone a change. Originally *Hamlet* was to have opened the ball, and all the parts were given out. But, after carefully studying the score, the manager prevailed upon the Intendence General to defer its production for a time, and substitute Signor Verdi's *Aida*, which is to be got ready with as little delay as possible. Signor Verdi will be invited to conduct the first performance himself, and Madame Wilt will, probably, sustain the principal female part. Opera-goers are far from dissatisfied at this substitution of Verdi for Ambroise Thomas, but they are not so well pleased to learn that Signor Pollini's proposal to give a number of Italian operatic performances in the spring is not likely to be accepted, notwithstanding his holding out such tempting baits as the names of Mesdes. Patti, Nilsson, and Signor Marini, besides engaging to furnish security for 30,000 florins, and guarantee 4,000 florins receipts every evening of performance. One consequence of the refusal of the Intendancy General to accept his offer is: that the members of the regular company will enjoy no holidays during the year, 1873, but will have to sing all through the summer.

MUNICH.—Herr von Bülow recently gave a concert, with the following programme: Chromatic Fantasia and Suite (F major), Bach; Sonata (F major), Mozart; Ballad and Scherzo, Brahms; Fantasia and Fugue, Opus 27, Gernsheim; Waltzes, Schubert-Liszt.

WAIFS.

The Young Ladies' Question.—Is he married?

The *Chef d'Orchestre*, Carl Liebig of Berlin, has lately died.

A Bach Society has been established at the Hague, as at Rotterdam and Utrecht.

Mdme. Traynor, the well-known pianiste, has left London for Dublin for a short time.

What glorious object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble?—The rising sun.

Heine's poem, "Du bist wie eine Blume," has been set to music at least seventy times.

Signor Tamberlick has sailed for Havanna, whither the artists of his company preceded him some days.

Le Toulonnais announces the advent of a new bass, M. Aumerat, who, it says, has leaped at once into the first rank.

Two comic operas—*Dimanche et Lundi* and *Ninette et Ninon*—the former by M. Deslandres, the latter by M. Penavaire,—have been accepted for production at the Athénée.

Madame Sophie Cruvelli will give a concert, for charitable purposes, on November 7, at the Théâtre Italien. Some songs from her own pen will be performed on the occasion.

Abraham Lincoln, being annoyed on one occasion by a fiddler, who persisted in playing in front of his house, sent him out a dollar with the message that one scraper was enough at the door.

Some of the Italian musical papers are demanding a uniform pitch for the Peninsula. It is to be hoped they will meet with better success than fell to the pitch agitators in England.

As illustrating the humorous, Professor Lowell mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since: "Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

The death is announced of Mr. Francis Robinson, at his residence in Dublin. The deceased was for many years connected with the choirs of the Dublin cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christ Church.

Mr. Ignace Gibsons completed, on Saturday last, his forty-eighth Recital, at the International Exhibition, before a large audience, his playing of his popular "Marche Brésillienne" and "Stella Valse" being much admired.

Representations at the Paris lyric theatres last week:—The Opéra—*Le Prophète*, *La Favorita*, and *Robert le Diable*; Opéra Comique,—*Les Noces de Jeanette*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Mignon*, *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, and *Les Noces de Figaro*; Théâtre Italien—*Marta* and *Lucrezia Borgia*; Athénée—*L'Alibi*.

M. Padeloup's opening programme was as follows:—*Ruy Blas* overture; Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 51); Saint-Saëns's *Le Rouet d'Omphale*; Ballet Air from Beethoven's *Prometheus*; and Lachner's *Suite* (Op. 113).

In the world of journalism the chief event of the week is the retirement of Captain Hamber from the editorship of the *Standard*. Captain Hamber's connection with the *Standard* dates from a period not long subsequent to the close of the Russian war. During that war he gratified his love of adventure by commanding a company of Bash-Bazouka.

A correspondent writes from Bologna, commenting on a fine performance of Rossini's opera, *Mosè in Egitto*. He speaks of having been fortunate enough to hear, at the Opera House, a splendid performance of that work, and he goes on to say:—

"I have been twice to see it, and hope to go again this evening, so as to gain a thorough acquaintance with the music. There is a fine basso, Giuseppe David, whose method and voice are excellent. The baritone Welighieri, whom we remember in 1858 at Her Majesty's Theatre as a very young man, with a fine untutored voice, has now developed into a noble artist. The tenor, Patierno, has a most superb voice, but is not a finished artist, and his unprepossessing appearance would probably mar his success in London. The female representatives are about the average; the orchestra under the conductorship of that most gifted musician, Angelo Mariani, is magnificent."

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Second prize will be offered in the different classes at these competitive performances next Midsummer. Messrs. Alexandre, of Paris, give one of their best fifty guinea harmoniums as a second prize in Class I.; Messrs. Besnon offer a set of their wind instruments as second prizes in the Classes for Military Bands and Solo Trumpet Players; other eminent firms give complete libraries of music in other classes. The judges will, therefore, have at their disposal valuable musical instruments, collections of music, as well as the prizes amounting in value to £1,575, and certificates of merit for sight-singing and general proficiency in the art. Thus Mr. Willert Beale's plan, in the hands of the Crystal Palace directors, affords every possible encouragement to practical musicians, and the cultivation of high-class music.

The Challenge Prize of the National Music Meetings, value £1,000 is now being manufactured by Messrs. Cox and Sons, of Southampton Street, Strand. The design was selected in open competition by the judges, Sir M. D. Wyatt and Professor E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., and is by Mr. S. J. Nicholl, architect. It comprises a loving cup, with a cover resting on a platform and pedestal, the whole of silver gilt, enriched with enamels, engravings, *repoussé* pierced and flagree work, a very important part of the decoration being shields suspended in an open arcade and fixed in panels to bear the devices and titles of the successful societies, the society holding the cup having the place of honour in the crowning wreath. The pedestal has canopied niches with statues of Guido Aretino, Palestrina, Handel, and Mozart; the base being 18 inches square and the whole over 3 feet in height. The design is mediæval.

LUDWIG FUERBACH.—In the *Londoner Zeitung*, the Fuerbach Committee in England publish an appeal, in which they express themselves gratified that "over the tomb of the eminent philosopher and noble-minded friend of the people, there has been a concord of voices, testifying to his intellectual labours, and that his life's eventide, at least, was gladdened by a ray of public gratitude." A letter addressed by the widow of Ludwig Fuerbach to Karl Blind, chairman of the committee, conveys the warmest thanks to all those who joined the *Ehrendank*, "by which alone it became possible to comfort the last days and alleviate the condition of the sufferer." His end, the letter says, was more quiet and painless than generally falls to the lot of man. His features after death preserved an indescribably intellectual expression, being an ideally noble image of his loftiest aspirations. In the German journals a great many articles have appeared, entering into the merits of Fuerbach's numerous works.

CARLSBAD (Bohemia).—On the 4th a concert took place for the benefit of the funds for the erection of a "Children's Garden" in Carlsbad, in which Herr Franz Nachbauer, from the Royal Operahouse in Munich, kindly assisted, and whose fine voice and artistic singing were greatly admired and appreciated. Particularly successful, also, was a harp solo, "Bel chiaro di luna," by C. Oberthür, admirably played by Fraulein Anna Dubez, and a chorus for male voices, "Mein Lieben," with baritone solo, finely sung by Herr Luka. The concert was very numerously attended, and must have realized a considerable sum for the object in view.

BAYREUTH.—Herr R. Wagner has selected Herr Vogel, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, and Herr Diener, of the Stadttheater, Cologne, as the tenors in the performance of his *Nibelungen-Trilogie*, at the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre here, next summer—or at some later period, if the theatre with the long name is not ready in time.

LEIPZIG.—First Gewandhaus Concert: Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," Beethoven; C minor Concerto, Beethoven (Herr Reinecke); Sarabande and Gavotte, Bach (Herr Hegar); Air from Spohr's *Faust*, and Scene from Handel (Mme. Peschka-Leutner); and C major Symphony, Schumann.

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